

either spiritually or financially. They can never read what is written for their benefit, so the only way to convert them, is to watch every opportunity, and talk good doctrine in their hearings.

We all agree that blood money should not go into the Lord's treasury. Very well then, the liquor dealers business causes bloodshed thousands of times, hence money made by selling this poison, cannot be received. But suppose a good sister has a husband in the bad business, and she receives money from him to pay the treasury. I would tell her as kindly as possible, that her help will be greatly appreciated, but she must make money for the Lord, by taking in washing or sewing, or some other decent way. The spirit of gambling has thorough possession of the human mind and saint and sinner with few exceptions, believe anything is right that brings money. The penurious professor believes the treasury should take anything that can be gotten, only so his own payments are kept as small as possible. I have no patience with such idolatry. Money we give to God must be made in a moral lawful way. It must be thoroughly clean, and not a whit unclean.

Pastors sometimes find their flocks utterly devoid of spirituality, all the love and harmony gone, and satan doing his worst among them. In a large per cent of such cases, the trouble can be found in taking unclean money into the treasury. Little or nothing is therein that was obtained by sacrifice. There may be blood money, money gotten by questionable speculation and gambling, or money obtained by some of the wealthy members from renting buildings for purposes of prostitution and liquor selling. The Holy Ghost will withdraw from all churches that tend in such a direction.

In closing I will state what cannot be contradicted. We must give to the Lord the best of the flock, sound and clean, and all he needs. We must give cheerfully, according to our means, and not according to our meanness. And we must all give something.

Falls City, Neb.

The Home

Our God as a Rewarder

T. L. CUYLER

Among all the names and attributes of our heavenly Father, there is a very endearing one that is contained in that glorious epoc of faith, the eleventh chapter of the Hebrews. We there read that God is the "rewarder of them that diligently seek Him." That precious promise is linked with every earnest prayer and every act of obedience. God rewards labor. Does not every farmer act in faith when he drives his plow in the spring-time and drops his grain into the mellowed ground? Every minister prepares his Gospel message, every Sabbath school teacher conducts the Bible lesson, and every godly parent tills the soil of the child's docile

heart in the simple faith that God rewards sowing with harvests.

God rewards obedience. He enjoins every sinner repentance and the forsaking of his sins and the acceptance of Jesus Christ as his atoning Saviour. Every sinner that breaks off from his sins and lays hold of Jesus Christ does it on the assurance that our truth-keeping God will reward obedience. "By faith Noah, being warned of God of things not seen as yet, prepared an ark for the saving of his house." An unbelieving generation hooted, no doubt, at the "fanatic" who was wasting his time and money on that unweildly vessel.

God rewards believing prayer for right things, when it is offered in a submissive spirit. "Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find." Humble, childlike faith creates a condition of things in which it is wise and right for God to grant what might otherwise be denied. We grasp the blessed truth that He hears prayer, and gives the best answer to prayer in His own time and way; upon these two facts we plant our knees when we bow down before him. O, the long, long trials to which we are often subjected while our loving Father is testing our faith and giving it more vigor and volume!

Godly wives are often left to press their earnest petitions thru months and years before the answer comes in the work of the converting Spirit. There was an excellent woman in my congregation who was for a long time anxious for the conversion of her husband. She endeavored to make her own Christian life very attractive to him—a very important point, too often neglected. On a certain Sabbath she shut herself up and spent much of the day in beseeching prayers that God would touch her husband's heart. She said nothing to her husband, but took the case straight up to the throne of grace. The next day, when she opened her Bible to conduct family worship, according to her custom, he came and took the book out of her hands and said, "Wife, it is about time that I do this," and he read the chapter himself. Before the week was over he was praying himself, and at the next communion he united with our church.

Verily, God is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him. That praying Hannah who said, "The grief of my heart is that of all of my six children not one loves Jesus," was not satisfied that it should be so. She continued her fervent supplications until five of them were converted during a revival. They all united in a day of fasting and prayer for the sixth daughter, and she was soon rejoicing in Christ. The victory that overcame in that case was a faith that would not be denied.

Sometimes the prayers of parents are answered long after the lips that breathed them are molded into dust. When a certain Captain K— sailed on his last sea voyage he left a prayer for his little boy written out and deposited in an oaken chest. After his

death at sea his widow locked up his chest, and when she was on her dying bed she gave the key to their son. He grew up a licentious and dissolute man. When he had reached middle life he determined to open that chest, out of mere curiosity. He found in it a paper, on the outside of which was written, "The prayer of M— K— for his wife and child." He read the prayer, put it back in the chest, but could not lock it out of his troubled heart. It burned like a live coal. He became so distressed that the woman with whom he was living as his mistress thought he was becoming deranged. He broke down in penitence, cried to God for mercy, and, making the woman his legal wife, began a new life of prayer and obedience to God's commandments. And so God proved to be the rewarder of a faith that had been hidden away in a secret place a half a century before! I have no doubt that among the blessed surprises in eternity will be the triumphs of many a believer's trusting prayers.

No Sweeter Word

"I will not leave you desolate," John 14:18, R. V.

REV. W. T. SLEEPER

No sweeter word than this can find a tongue,
When strength and courage fail with harp unstrung—

"I will not leave you desolate"—

A precious word which poets love to sing,
To trembling age a word most comforting—

"I will not leave you desolate."

When loving friends and social joys depart,
And troubles come to overwhelm the heart—

"I will not leave you desolate;"

When night is coming on that hides the sun,
And weary limbs remind you "day is done"—

"I will not leave you desolate."

O blessed word! I hear it once again—
The service ended—as a sweet "amen"—

"I will not leave you desolate;"

Ling'ring a while until the Father call,
I catch the vanishing recession—

"I will not leave you desolate."

—New York Observer,

Bible Teaching to Children

The teaching of the Bible to children is, of course, a matter of especial interest to those of us who have families, says President Roosevelt,—and, incidentally, I wish to express my profound belief in large families. Older folks often fail to realize how readily a child will grasp a little askew something they do not take the trouble to explain. We cannot be too careful in seeing that the Biblical learning is not merely an affair of rote so that the child may understand what is being taught. And, by the way, I earnestly hope that you will never make your children learn parts of the Bible as punishment. Do you not know families where this is true? For instance: "You have been a bad child—learn a chapter of Isaiah." And the child learns it as a disagreeable task, and in his mind that splendid and lofty poem and prophecy is forever afterward associated with an uncomfortable feeling of disgrace. I hope